

Be Yourself

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Summary: A young woman has to learn to be herself, before her life will end.

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>
"Tess, what are we doing in an Internet-Cafe?" the young woman with long brown hair asked. Her name was Monica and she was an angel. She wore light blue skirt and a white blouse.

>
"I'm not sure. All I was told was that we are here to help Andrew," answered an older woman with dark skin. She was Monica's supervisor and friend. "Maybe, we should ask him,." With this, she pointed to a table around the corner.

>
"Andrew! What are you doing in an Internet-Cafe?" Monica asked and walked over to the blond man. When she got closer, she could see that he had tears in his eyes.

>
Tess nodded as Monica glanced at her. "He needs our help."

>
When Andrew heard the voices of his two best friends, he raised his head to look at them. "Hi Tess. Hi Monica," he greeted them with a low voice.

>
"Angel Boy, what's wrong with you?" Tess took the chair beside Andrew and put her hand on his shoulder. She hated to see one of her babies so down.

>
"Tess, I ... I can't understand this!" he sobbed. "How can humans be so cruel?"

>
"Tess!" Monica pointed to the screen and read what was written there: 'Death-Forum'

>"Andrew, what are you doing here?" Monica asked, confused. "What happened?"

>Andrew looked at her. "I ... I had an assignment few hours ago. His name was Daniel. He was only 25 years old."

>Flashback:
Andrew stood in front of a yellow apartment house and looked at a window on the third floor. The light in the window turned on and he could see a shadow walking through the room. Andrew got tears in his eyes because he knew what this person wanted to do. And he knew that it was time for him to go inside the building. Few

minutes later, he stood in a corner of an one-room apartment. When he looked around, he could see a couch and a small table on one side of the room and on the other side there was a young man sitting at his desk by the window. The room wasn't big, but it looked really nice and comfortable. The colors gave the room a feeling of warmth. Andrew couldn't believe that someone who could create such a loving place in such a small apartment could do something like this.

>When he walked over to the desk , Andrew saw that the lad was working on his computer. Andrew loved computers, so he tried to take a look at the screen. He couldn't believe what he saw there. Daniel was on the Internet. The page that he was reading was titled 'The Death-Forum' and, when Andrew started to read what there was written, he got tears in his eyes. The posters were people who seemed to have given up on life. Most of them asked how they could end their lives. They wrote about their problems and that they didn't want to live anymore. Andrew expected that there would be some members who would try to give these people hope. But there was NO ONE who tried to do that. . He was shocked by what he did see ... tips ... tips on how they could do it.
Daniel got to one of his last postings. He read it again and he also read the answers from the other people. Andrew read it also and so he learned that Daniel had given up on his life, too. He had had problems with his mother and father since his childhood. And since he lost his job few months ago, he had started to get depressed. He lost his *friends* because of this and so he spent more time on the internet than anywhere else. At the beginning, he tried to find help there, but it was an unsuccessful search. Then, one day he had found this forum. At first, he was happy that he found a place where he could talk about his problems. When he read the other postings, he learned that the most of these people wanted to die. Everybody there thought that it would be great, that it would be so easy to leave everything behind. It couldn't be worse than life at the moment.

>A few days ago, Daniel had gotten a letter from his landlord. Since he couldn't pay the rent anymore, he had to move out. On this evening, Daniel wrote into that forum and asked what would be a quick and painless way to leave this world. And this evening, he found an answer.
End of the Flashback.

>
Monica cried, "Did he ...?"

>
Andrew nodded. "Yes, he killed himself. When he saw me, he was so sorry for what he had done He always thought that he had to go through everything alone. He always thought that God would hate him." Andrew wiped his tears away. "He pleaded with me and hoped that he would get a second chance, but ..."

>
"You had to take him home," Tess finished the sentence, and put her hand on his. She loved her baby and she knew that suicide broke Andrew's heart every time.

>
"Yes, I did," Andrew pointed to the screen. "And there are so many more in this forum. so many people who need an angel ... a caseworker and not an Angel of Death."

>
Tess smiled when she listened to the Father's voice. "The Father knows how much you want to help this people. And there is someone in this forum who needs your help." Tess looked at the screen. "Her name is Amy. She is 27 years old and she has many problems. You can find her messages when you search for *SadAngel*. That's her nickname on the Internet."

>
Andrew wiped his tears away. He found new hope when he heard that he would get a chance to help someone. "What's her problem?"

>
"Well, she has many problems. She has trouble with her family and her boss. But the most important problem is that she doesn't have

much self-confidence and she doesn't understand herself. There are days when she is really happy and when she loves her life, but there are also days when she hates her life and gives up on everything. It happens every time she has to face a problem." Tess waited a moment before she continued. "There will come a time when she needs to have a strong will to live and your job is to get her ready for this," Tess finished with a concerned look at Andrew.

>
"What do you mean by that?" Monica asked with concern. "What will happen?"

>
"She doesn't know it yet, but she has cancer."

>
"Oh no!" Andrew closed his eyes. "Is she going to die?"

>
"I don't know, baby. But I think that she will, if she doesn't find her will to live again. You will meet her at her workplace. She develops software and she is the administrator of the computers for her company. You are supposed to work on her team."

>
"You mean I will develop software?" Andrew raised a skeptical eyebrow.

>
"I thought you loved computers?!" Monica joked a little bit.

>
"You will do fine. Remember that God always gives you what you need when you need it! Trust Him." Tess smiled at him.

>
The next morning in the office:

>"Morning!!" Amy called when she walked through the open-plan office toward her little room. Everybody knew her and greeted her back. Amy was a young woman with short blond hair. She wore blue jeans and a white T-Shirt. On her back she had a backpack. It was unusually warm for this time of the year so that she didn't need a jacket.

>When she got into her little room, her workmate and friend, Mary, was already there. "Hi! What are you doing here so early? Normally, you come later," Amy asked curiously.

>"I couldn't sleep last night and so I thought I would come here earlier and then go home earlier," Mary answered with a smile.

>She sat down at her desk and started to read her email. When she went through them, she found a message from her boss. He wrote that a new workmate would start that day and that she should help him to start just in case he didn't make it early enough.
"We're getting someone new?" Amy asked. "Why am I the last one who gets notified every time?" she joked.

>
At this moment, somebody knocked at the open door.

>"Ahem ... Sorry, I'm new here. I'm searching for Amy Miller." A young man with long blond hair walked into the room. "Someone said, that I would find her here."

>"Yes, that's me. You must be the new one." Amy answered. Somehow, she liked the new guy from the very first moment. He radiated something reassuring.

>"Yes, I'm the new one. My name is Andrew. A man told me that you could help me to get my computer started and to get access to the server."

>"Sure! If you have a username, then I can put you in the right usergroup. Do you have a username?"

>"Yes, I found a piece of paper on my desk. It said that my username is 'aod'."

>Amy smiled when she heard the username.

>"What's so funny?" Andrew curiously asked.

>"Oh nothing. Only it sounds like the shortcut for 'Angel of Death'." When she saw Andrew's pale face, she quickly added: "Forget it ... it was only a joke."

>Andrew thought for a short moment that his true identity would get revealed before she was ready to know it.

>Few seconds later, Amy said: "Okay, you should get access in 15 minutes or so. The Server needs some time till it accepts the changes. In the meantime, I will help you to get your computer started." With this, she stood up and walked with Andrew over to his workplace. She loved being able to combine two jobs in one. On the one hand, she developed software and, on the other hand she took care of the user and the Server.

>After Andrew's computer started the first time, it began to make many updates. "I think you can do something else for the next half hour." Amy explained.

>"Why?" Andrew wanted to know.

>"Because this update will take some time. But don't worry, it's not like this every time. This happens only when you start it the very first time. When it is finished with the updates, you can start to install the programs that you will need. And when you have finished that, I will show you everything here." With this, Amy walked back to her room and Andrew tried his best to get his computer ready. It wasn't as hard as he expected it until he got to the development tools. Somehow, those program elements didn't want to be installed.

>"Hey, what's the problem?" Andrew started to talk to the computer.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

>"What's wrong?" came a voice behind him. When Andrew turned around, he looked into a big smile. It was Amy who couldn't hide her amusement.

>"I don't know why the computer seems to have problems with this stupid setup."

>"Don't worry! That's normal."

>"What?"

>"Well, nobody knows why, but you have to install this more than once and, with a little bit luck, it will work after the fifth or sixth attempt."

>"You are kidding?!" He looked hopeful, but Amy shook her head.

>"I hate computers," Andrew muttered to himself.

>A half hour later:
"I have finished it,." Andrew walked into Amy's office with a big smile on his face.

>
"Congratulations!" Amy answered. "Alright, time for a little *sightseeing tour*."

>

>At the end of the day, the angels meet each other in a coffee shop.

"How was your first day?" Tess enquired with a wink.

>Andrew sighed. "Not as bad as I expected. ." Andrew sipped at his milkshake. "Tess, she doesn't seem like the person that you described yesterday. I mean, she was really friendly and she seemed to be happy. She didn't look or act like a person with such problems as you told us."

>"That's precisely the problem. Everybody thinks that. She has learned to be a good *actress*. She can hide her true feelings so well that sometimes she fools herself. Sometimes she plays her role so well that she doesn't know her own true feelings anymore. She knows this and it scares her. If you ask her what her opinion is about any discussion, she can't give you an answer. She doesn't know it anymore. She has played her *role* so
often that she has problems now deciding what her true self is and is not. . Sometimes she has the feeling that she is two very different persons in one body." Tess looked at Andrew and Monica.

>
"How can someone live like that?" Monica asked.

>
"I don't know, Angel Girl. Amy has two big problems at the moment. The first one is what I just told you both and the second problem, which is somehow the result of the first one, is that her will to live isn't strong enough. As long as everything in her life is going well, she loves it but ... "

>
"... but if she has to face something difficult, she gives up hope. Right?" Andrew cut Tess short. He started to understand what Tess was trying to explain.

>
"Right. She never did try to commit suicide, but you could say that she has had a 'death wish' for a long time now. Monica and I will work with her parents. Amy and her parents have not gotten along for many years and this doesn't help her much. Every time they see each other, it doesn't take long to get them arguing amongst themselves. And you, Andrew, have to help her to find the true 'Amy' and get her ready to face her future."

>
"Tess, when will we meet her parents?" Monica asked impatiently. She had wanted to do something the whole day, but Tess only told her that she had to wait longer.

>
"Tomorrow!" Tess replied with a smile. She loved Monica, but sometimes Angel Girl could be so impatient and it was hard to keep her waiting. "You will work with her mother. Her name is Sara Miller and she works in a cafe. I will be with her father."

>
Monica got a very big smile on her face when she heard that she would work in a cafe. As if Tess could read Monica's thoughts, she warned: "Don't forget your promise, Miss Wings!!! Only 3 cups of coffee per week!" And before Monica could replied, Tess added with a look above: "And don't think I wouldn't find out." Monica gave Andrew a keen look when he laughed.

>
Amy walked with her dog on the beach the next morning. She loved to be there at sunrise. Usually, she was alone with her dog there, but this morning, there was a man there, too. When she walked closer, she could see that it was the new guy from work yesterday.

>
"Andrew? What are you doing here?" she asked.

>
"Isn't it beautiful?!" he commented and pointed to the horizon.

>
"Yes, it is. I love to see it every morning," She looked at him. "I didn't know that you lived here."

>
"I found an apartment not far from the beach. By the way, can you tell me how I can get into the city? My friend's car is broken and I'm new in this town, so I don't know how to get to our workplace."

>
"Don't worry! I can give you a ride," Amy offered. Andrew was a really nice person and she liked him very much even though she had known him only since yesterday.

>
"Thank you! That would be wonderful."

>
"No problem. I will pick you up in a half hour," she answered.

>
"I will see you then," Andrew replied and walked back to his apartment.

>
A half-hour later, Amy rang Andrew's doorbell. "Are you ready?" Amy asked when Andrew opened the door.

>
"Give me two minutes," Andrew answered and invited her inside. Amy walked into the apartment. In the kitchen stood a woman with long brown hair.

>
"Hi! You must be Amy. Andrew told me that you'd give him a ride. I'm Monica," she spoke as she walked over. "Nice to meet you."

>
"Hi! Yes, I'm Amy. Nice to meet you, too! I didn't know that Andrew is married."

>
"What? Oh ... no ... no, we aren't married. We are only good friends. Andrew, Tess, and I share this apartment . That's all," Monica gave her a loving smile.

>
"Okay, I'm ready," a voice called from behind. " I see that you have met Monica," Andrew smiled at both women.

>
"Yes, I have. Okay, I think we should go before the traffic chaos starts." With this, both walked out of the building and got into Amy's car.

>
"Thank you for your help." Andrew tried to start a conversation. "How long have you been in this town now?"

>
"I've lived here for almost 5 years now. But I don't like this town." Amy gave a quiet moan of pain, before Andrew could ask her why she didn't like this town.

>
"Amy, what's wrong?" Andrew asked with deep concern in his voice.

>
Amy gave him a painful smile. "Nothing. It will be over in a few seconds. Don't worry, this not the first time this has happened." Shortly after this, Amy was fine again.

>
"You should go to a doctor," Andrew told her. He knew that she had never been there and he also knew that she was really sick.

>
"No. I'm fine. Really, I don't need a doctor," Amy replied. She hated doctors and she didn't want to know what this problem was. On one hand, she was afraid that it could be cancer or something like that and, on the other hand, she hoped that it was a fatal illness, because she didn't want to live anymore.

>
Andrew sighed. He knew that she wasn't ready to talk about this at the moment and he decided to change the subject.

>"So, you said, you didn't like this town. Why?" he asked.

>In the meantime in a cafe somewhere in the town:
"Hi, I'm Monica. I want apply for the job of waitress that I saw on the sign in the front window." Monica greeted the woman behind the counter. She was about 45 years old and had long blond hair that she wore in a ponytail. It was Amy's mother. Monica knew that she and Amy had had many fights in the last couple of years. Monica knew that it was her job to help this woman to make peace with her daughter. They both needed it.

>
"Hi. My name is Sara Miller and I'm the owner of this cafe and one of the waitresses. You can call me Sara. Nice to meet you and the job is your's if you want it," she explained and gave Monica her hand.

>
The next 5 days went by without anything important happening. Andrew and Amy got to be really good friends. Andrew learned that she spent most of her free time on the Internet or on the beach. He also could see how hard it was for her at work. He could see that she tried her best to hide her true feelings, her true self and he couldn't understand why. Amy was a really loving young woman. She was a helpful, intelligent and sympathetic person.

>Tess spent almost every day by Amy's father. He was a car mechanic and kept tried to fix her car, but every time he fixed a problem , something else broke. Over this , they both began a relationship with each other. Tess loved to talk about her car, her baby, and he was glad that he had someone to talk, because he was alone in the garage.
Monica and Sara also became good friends during the weekend. Everything seemed to follow the plan.

>
It was almost 8 p.m. on Sunday evening, when Amy got home. She walked into her room and laid down on her bed. She was so angry: angry at herself, angry at her mother. She cried like she had cried the whole way home. 'Why? Why can't I control myself?' she asked herself. Amy had spent the whole afternoon with her mother. It should

have been a pleasant afternoon. Her mother's new friend Monica, the woman from Andrew's apartment, was there, too. Amy thought that this would keep them from fighting again, but it didn't work.

>
Unseen to her, the three angels stood at her bedside.

>"What happened?" Andrew asked Monica as he gave Amy a compassionate look.

>"I'm not sure. It started like a great day. I hoped that they could make a start towards a reconciliation, but it didn't work. One word led to and, before I could do anything, they had yelled at each other. Sara said some terrible thing to Amy. At first she didn't respond, but Sara didn't stop and then Amy yelled back," Monica got tears in her eyes, when she remembered the look on Sara's face as Amy told her that she didn't care about anything anymore, and that it wasn't important to her if she lived or died. Sara was too hurt and so she answered that she didn't care anymore either. Before she realized what she just told her daughter, Amy run out of the house.

>Andrew couldn't believe what Monica told him. How could humans be so cruel to each other, especially mother, and daughter? He went over to Amy and stroked her hair until she calmed down.
When she didn't cry anymore, she stood up and went over to her computer. The three angels followed her. Andrew turned pale when he read what she wrote. Amy was in the forum, the same forum where he had been in the Internet-Cafe. Tess and Monica knew what he was feeling and so they went at his side and put their arms around him.

>Amy wrote:
 'Hi,

> I don't want to live anymore. I'm ready to leave this world. I've been
 thinking about this for a long time. Can someone tell me how I can get sleeping

> pills without a prescription and how many I have to take to make sure that
 it really works?

> SadAngel'

>"No! Not again! Please!" Andrew pleaded.

>"Don't worry, Angel Boy," Tess rubbed his back "She won't get an answer until tomorrow night." As Andrew looked questionably at her, she looked above and Andrew felt relieved. "You see, you still have the whole of Monday to help her."

>When Andrew came to work the following day, Amy was already there. "Good Morning!" he greeted her with a cheerful voice. "How was your weekend?"

>"Hi," Amy answered sadly. Normally, she would have tried to hide how she was feeling but somehow she knew that Andrew somehow sensed her feelings. Therefore trying to hide them was a waste of time.

>"What's wrong?" Andrew asked with a worried look.

>"I ... My weekend wasn't so great."

>"Do you want to talk about it?" Andrew's voice was comforting.

>"No ... not yet. But thanks for the offer," she said as she gave him a sad smile.

>Before Andrew could say anything else, there was an other voice that called: "Miss Miller! In my office!"

>"Oh, no! What did I do wrong *again*?" Amy asked herself as she started to walk into the office of her boss.
His voice didn't sound like he would praise her. Amy's boss didn't speak quietly but Andrew didn't understand everything anyway. He understood that her boss was mad at her because of something she had worked on. When she got out of the office, she had tears in her eyes. She passed Andrew without a word or look. He saw that she was really upset.

>
"Amy?" he called after her, but she didn't response. The voice of the Father told him that he should go after her. After a half hour, Andrew found Amy in one of the rooms where they tested their software. She hadn't turned on the light, but he knew that she was inside.

>
"Amy?" he asked gently.

>
"Please, leave me alone," she answered sobbing "I don't want you to see me like this."

>
Andrew walked inside. She was sitting on the floor, her arms wrapped around her knees. He knelt in front of her. "Why don't you want me see you like this?" When she didn't respond , he said: "Amy, I want to help you, but you need to trust me. I know that you are hurt and upset, but I can't help you if you don't talk to me."

>
"I ... I can't. I don't know how I could it explain you," she sobbed. "I had a really bad fight with my mother this weekend and now I got in trouble with my boss again. It's always the same. He yells at me because of nothing, I'm standing there, and I don't say anything against it. Sometimes I think it's fun for him. I want so much to say what I really think, but I can't. And I don't understand why I'm so afraid to state my opinion."

>
"I understand ..." Andrew started but Amy cut him short.

>
"No ... no you don't understand. This isn't the first time that this happened and there have been so many other events in the last two years, that I can't count them anymore!" Amy looked into his eyes "I can't take this anymore. I hate myself and I hate my life. I hate that I don't have the strength to be like I want to be. I'm tired of playing roles ," she cried. "I wish He would let me go," Amy said sadly and look at the ceiling and cried again. "I only hurt everybody, everybody who means something to me, every time when I say what I really think," she lowered her face to her knees

>
Andrew lifted her chin with his hand so that she had to look into his eyes. "Amy, He doesn't let you go, because He loves you."

>
"I know, because He has shown me this more than once in the last while," she said quietly.

>
"Really? How?" Andrew responded curiously.

>
"More than once I have gotten into situations where I could have died, serious near misses, but every time I got away without a scratch. Sometimes it was only a matter of seconds," Amy calmed down a little bit at least. "I know that this is His way to tell me that He won't let me go at the moment."

>
"Yes, you are right," Andrew smiled "He wants to help you so much. I know that you trust Him, but why are you still so afraid to let Him help you? You said that you are afraid to take responsibility for you own opinions, for what you believe in. Why? I mean, what can you loose when God is with you? I know that your boss yelled at you for nothing. You did nothing wrong. He gives you assignments that aren't part of your job and you have the right to tell him that. Don't you think that he does this because he wants to see how you react?"

>
"I ... I know that he does this because he wants to see my reaction, but I can't . . . I can't tell him what I think . I hate myself for this. I don't know why I'm like this. I always ask myself: 'What will happen if I'm wrong or if I loose my job. I won't get a new one if I stay like I am at the moment'. I know I should trust God, because He got me so far, but what will happen if He doesn't

exist and everything in my life has been only coincidences, when I thought it was Him?"

>
"Those weren't coincidences. I know for sure that He really exists. I know how much He wants to help you because He knows how you feel."

>
"How do you know that He really exists? I mean, did you see him?" Amy asked sarcastically.

>
"I see him every time that I bring one of His children home," Andrew replied with a gentle smile.

>"What do you mean by 'when I bring one of His children home'?" she enquired, her voice filled with fear. Deep inside of her, she knew the answer.

>"I'm an angel," Andrew answered and started to glow in a soft golden light.

>"You are the Angel of Death, aren't you?!" her eyes were full fear and panic.

>Andrew knew that this was usually the hardest part. Even when someone wanted to die like Amy, they got scared when he told them who he was. "Yes, I am. But please, don't be afraid."

>"No! Stay away from me," she hissed at him and run out of the room.

>"Amy! Wait! We need to talk!" Andrew ran after her.
When he arrived the door, he heard someone call for help. He saw that Amy was lying on the ground. She was in a great pain.

>
He knelt by her side. He held her hand and stroked her hair.

"Amy? Don't be afraid. I will be with you and so will God." Amy wasn't afraid anymore. Andrew radiated so much compassion, love, and peace and he was still glowing.

>
"Will I die?" she asked with weak voice.

>
Andrew gave her a gentle smile. "No. Not yet." And then she passed out.

>
Part 5:

>Two hours later, Amy woke up in a hospital bed. She needed a few seconds to open her eyes. The light hurt her eyes and she was confused.
"Where am I? What happened?" she asked weakly and tried to look around the room. When she looked to her left side, she saw Andrew sitting in a chair. "Andrew? What are you doing here?"

>
"Hello, Amy. Nice to have you back," he gave her a gentle smile and rubbed her left hand. "You collapsed. Do you remember ?" he asked with concerned and compassion .

>
All of sudden, she remembered what happened. "Yeah. I ... I remember. My stomach and bowel suddenly hurt so much. I ... I couldn't stay on my feet anymore." It was hard for her to remember how everybody stood around her. Some people were really worried about her and others were only curious. Then she remembered about Andrew. "You ... you are really the Angel of Death, aren't you?!" Tears ran down her face.

>
"Yes, I am. But I want you to know that there is nothing you have to be afraid of," he gave her a cheerful smile. "I was sent to you to help you. God has heard your prayers. I was sent to help you to do away with your past and your problems, to help you to face your future," he waited a moment to let his words sink in.

>
"What do you mean by 'face your future'?" she asked with fearful eyes. "There is something else that you didn't tell me yet. I can see it in your eyes."

>
There was a silence before he spoke. "Yes, there is something else and you need to know it." He stroked her hair. "I know that this is going to be hard for you, but ... but you have cancer." She could see his sorrow about this news in his eyes.

>
"Will I die?"

>
"This depends on you, well for the time being," he sighed softly. "If you want to live, you will have to go through chemotherapy."

>
"I ... I'm not sure if I want to live." Amy told him with a quiet voice. She couldn't look at him anymore. She was too ashamed of her statement.

>
"Amy, look at me!" He waited until she looked into his eyes. "I know that. And I know what you wrote yesterday, what you asked for."

>
Amy started to cry again. "I know, I shouldn't think so, but ... but it would really be the best for everyone if I died," she sobbed. "Do you know what I did yesterday? How I hurt my mother?"

>
"I know what happened, but believe me, that isn't a reason to die. Amy, I know that you loved your life once and that you need help to find this love again. That's why I'm here," he gave her a gentle smile. "Amy, the only place ... where you can resolve your problems ... it's here on earth. And He wants to give you this chance."

>
"I don't believe that it's possible to resolve all of my problems."

>
"With Him, EVERYTHING is possibly. You only have to ask for it," and after a moment he added "And ... you have to FIGHT for you life. Give Him a chance to help you." Andrew could see that she got new hope and strength.

>
"Will I recover completely?"

>
"You will get four years," he hated it to tell her this, after she just found new hope.

>
"What? At first you tell me that He wants me to fight against the cancer, because He wants to help me ... " she started sarcastically "... and now you tell me, that no matter what I do, I will die in a few years at the latest?! How can you come and tell me that I should fight? For what? For a few years? Few years more like the last two?!" she yelled at him.

>
"Amy, please! I know how this sounds to you, but believe me, it's a gift from Him. Not everybody gets a chance to resolve his problems before they have to go. Nobody knows when his or her time will come. Maybe a few years don't sounds much to you at the moment, but it's enough to finish everything that you want to finish and to put love in your life again. You will have enough time to develop the person that you really are and that you've wanted to be for a long time now." He took her into his arms and let her cry until she felt asleep. She needed time to understand everything he had told her, especially the part about her final years bring a gift, knowing that she will only have a few years left.

>
Amy's parents arrived about one hour later. Monica and Tess told them what had happened and told them, also, that their daughter had cancer. They stayed the whole afternoon with her and so did the three angels.

>
The following next half year was hard for everybody. Monica and Tess helped Sara and her husband as much as they could. Both parents said often that they didn't know what they would do without Tess and Monica. Andrew stayed the whole time with Amy in the hospital. During this half-year, Amy and her parents found each other again. They developed a new strong bond between them. Amy also developed a new will to live. Andrew was really proud of her. There were many moments when she came close to death, but she won the fight every time.

>
When Amy was at home again, she lived for the next weeks with her parents until she was ready to return to her own flat. The time

came for the angels to leave.

>"I'm really sorry that you have to leave," said Amy's parents when Tess, Andrew and Monica told them that they had to go. "We can't you thank enough for what you three did for us," they hugged the three.

"Will we ever see you again?"

>"Sure, Baby, you will see us again," answered Tess with a smile. She knew that they would come back in a few years.

>When Amy came to the door, her parents left her alone with the three. "We will wait for you in the kitchen," her dad told her.

>"I hate to say 'goodbye'!" she said sadly.

>"But you will see us again." Andrew responded and gave her a hug.

>"I know," Amy said slowly.

>"Hey," he lifted her chin "don't be afraid of this. I promise you that there is nothing ... nothing to be afraid of." He smiled gently and she smiled back at him. "Will you promise me something?" he asked

>"What?"

>"That you will use the time that you have! Let me be proud of you and never forget that no matter what will happen ... He loves you."

>She hugged him again. "I promise you. I will never play a role again. I will only be myself and say what I think." She waited before she added, "And I promise you something else ..." Andrew looked curiously at her, "I promise you that I will try my best to help the people in that forum. Do you remember when you told me about Daniel?" she asked.
When he nodded, she further said, "I saw your pain and I could only imagine how Daniel and God must have felt. I promise that I will try to help t the others, to tell them about God and about you. Maybe there is *one* single person that I can stop from doing something stupid."

>
Andrew stroked her hair. "I'm really proud of you!"

>
After she said good-bye to Tess and Monica, she went back into the house and the three angels drove away.

>
The next four years passed sooner then Amy expected. There wasn't a day when she didn't think about the three angels who had helped her and her parents so much. Amy changed her job. She had worked for 3 years now in another department. Her new boss was really gentle and understanding. She learned to stand up for what she believed in and for her opinion. She also kept her promise to try to help the people in the forum.

>During that last four years, she had never such a bad fight with her parents again. She told them who Andrew and the others really were and what Andrew told her about the few years. Amy didn't understand why the angels had never told her parents about all this and she never expected that they would believe her, but to her surprise they did. .

>One day in the summer, when Amy was at her work, she had the strange feeling that something bad was going to happen. She couldn't explain it, but she had already had this feeling when she woke up that morning. When it was lunchtime, her workmates came and asked her if she wanted to go with them. As she stood up, her head began spinning and she felt on the ground. The last thing she thought, before she hit the ground, was 'Oh no. Please, not yet. I'm not ready.' After this, everything went black.

>As she regained conciousness, she noticed that she was in an ambulance. At her left side was a man with blond hair in a beige suit. He had soft glow around him. He smiled at her and stroked her

hair.

>"Andrew?" she asked weakly.

>"Hello, Amy. Yes, it's me, Andrew." he answered softly.

>"It's my time. Right?"

>"Yes. But you still have some hours left," Andrew said gently. "Just relax. Monica and Tess will be with your parents at the hospital."

>As she listened to Andrew's calming voice and felt his hand, she relaxed and closed her eyes. She knew that this day had to come. She knew that she shouldn't be afraid of what was going to happen, but she was afraid. It was not so much the death itself, but more the process of dying that she feared.

>When Amy got into the hospital room, her parents were already there and so were Tess and Monica.
As Sara saw Andrew, she went over to him. "Amy told me that you are the Angel of Death." She started to cry. It was too hard to think that she was going to lose her only child.

>
"Yes, I am. And I'm here to take her home." He put his arms around her and let her cry on his shoulder.

>
"I don't want to lose her," she sobbed.

>
"I know. I really wish I didn't have to do that," he murmured reassuringly as he rubbed her back. "But remember, she is going to a really wonderful place. I promise you!" He took a step back so that she could look into his eyes "And, one day ... you will go there too and you will see her again."

>
"Mom? Dad?" called a weak voice from the bed. Amy woke up.

>
"Yes, Honey? We are here." Everybody walked over to her. "I'm sorry that I caused you both so much sorrow."

>
"No, no you didn't. You never did. We love you, we are proud of you and we know that you have to go," Sara told her with a sad look at Andrew. "Don't worry about us, you will see us again," she added and tears ran down her face.

>
Her husband took her in his arms and said to Amy: "Amy, you have changed your life so much and I'm really proud of you. I love you! I wish I could do something to prevent this, but I can't," he couldn't contain his tears anymore.

>
"It's okay, dad. I'm not alone. I'm glad that you two are here with me and I'm also glad that there are angels here, too," Amy told them "Mom, Dad! I love you!" her voice got quieter and weaker.

>
"Amy?" Andrew started to glow "It's time to go," he said gently and took her hand.

>
Amy could see all of the compassion and love that he had for her. It was really amazing. "I'm ... I'm afraid. I know I shouldn't, but ..."

>
Andrew squatted down so that their eyes were at the same high, "I know," he gave her a cheerful smile "But, look at me! I promise you that it is beautiful," and after a moment he shook his head and added "There is nothing to fear! I swear to you. It won't be painful. Just close your eyes and let go. It's like in the evening, when you fall asleep. When you wake up, you will be at a beautiful place." Andrew stroked her hair and cheek until she closed her eyes and took her last breath.

>
When the heart monitor showed a flat line, both Amy and Andrew were gone. Sara collapsed in the arms of her husband as she realized that Amy was gone and Tess and Monica took them both in a big, comforting hug and cried with them.

>
Only Tess and Monica could see the light in which Amy and Andrew

walked. Andrew had one of his arms comforting around Amy's shoulder and escorted her into the light. Both turned short around to give Tess and Monica a happy smile and waved them goodbye before she disappeared.

>
A week later, the funeral was over. During this time the three angels helped Sara and her husband to deal with their grief as much as they could. e Then the angels had to leave for their next assignment.

>
Andrew kept the promise that he gave Amy when he brought her home. She had asked him if he could go to her computer and tell her email friends and the people in the forum what had happened. She hoped that maybe her death, after her fight, could help others to find the same strength that she had found. She hoped that it would inspire someone when they heard about her will to live, her hope, even in the face of death.

>
The End

> <p><p>

End
file.